

Muerante Concluded- Revelations

by Apollo

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Revelations

By Apollo

Link began his walk to the Mayor's house. His pack was full, and his spirits mixed. _Well, I've got my supplies, and something to do. It can't be all bad. Oh well. Time to meet up with Taft._

Link arrived at the Mayor's house, which was more of a mansion. He was about to use the knocker when he was greeted by someone behind him.

"You the Mayor's lackey?" Link turned around and found a rat-faced little man looking at him quizzically. He was at least half a head shorter than Link, with dark hair, dark eyes, and a toughened look on his face. He didn't appear to be a very civil person.

"I guess you could say that," replied Link, ignoring the annoyed tone of the other man. "Taft I presume?"

The man waited a second before replying. " Taft? Yeah, I'm him. You ready? We ain't got all day." The man was downright rude. No wonder the Mayor had him spending all his time in the woods. With hardly another word, he started down the street to the burned out section of town.

As they left what had been the edge of town, Link realized how little he really knew of the Rases, his mission, and the woods themselves.

He decided that he'd risk asking Taft. _He can't be that surly of a person, can he?_

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"What are the Rafes, anyway?" questioned Link, in his most friendly tone. _He did not want to get his only travel companion angry._

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"The Rafes? They're the most annoying little buggers you'll ever see. Not much of a threat in one, but there's tons of the walking trash. They swarmed over the town like locusts, doing as much damage as they could before retreating. We could handle them before, but lately our rodent friends have gotten more organized." he did not think well of the creatures at all, then again, from the damage they did, you couldn't blame him.

"What do you mean by 'more organized?' " inquired Link. _What, they've changed their behaviors recently?_

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"The little buggers came in the night, when they could catch more of us inside our houses, sleeping. They came in groups, and set fire to the mill quickly."

Set fire? According to him, they're rodents! How can they set fire to things? "How did they set the mill on fire? I thought they were stupid."

"You're right. They _were_ stupid." Taft didn't like where the conversation was heading. "They just had the houses and mill catch on fire. Someone probably left a candle out and they took it. Probably got some hay."

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Rightâ€| thought Link _There's something wrong here, they couldn't have done that. If I want to learn anything, I'd better change the subject._ "They're rodents? That shouldn't pose much of a threat."

"The vermin aren't your usual rodents, boy. They walk upright, and are about as tall as a child of 10 Summers," replied the unpleasant woodsman. "They sharpen sticks with stones, and hurl them or sneak behind someone with a few buddies. If you don't see 'em, you won't see nothin' again."

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Hmm, ok, we've got angry forest-dwelling rodents with sticks, that steal candles and light buildings on fire. Not likely! Something just doesn't fit.

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"How far into the forest do they live? Why have they only now gotten more aggressive?"

"They've always been aggressive boy, they were cunning little thieves, they could take from any house they pleased, they could even take the Mayor's wardrobe! They were simply too stupid to attack the town. We have guards on duty to alarm us when they're coming. We usually know when they're on the move." Taft's eyes began to gleam. "Ahh, what slaughters we'd have of them. Almost as fun as when we'd hunt them to protect the woodcutters."

"You'd hunt them? How can you be sure that that's not the reason they've become angry with you?" _Aha! A reason!_

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Taft seemed worried by this statement, and nervously glanced around his surroundings. Link did also, and noticed that they were farther into the woods than Link would have thought. _I should pay more attention to what's going on._

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Taft appeared to concentrate a moment. His eyes closed, and he stopped walking. Link thought he could hear something moving in the underbrush in front of them. _I really should pay more attention!_ Taft grinned an evil little grin, it made him look more ratlike than Link thought any man could.

"Hunting season is open!" Taft's eyes glittered. Almost as a reflex, the underbrush behind them began to rustle as well. "I hope you have a permit, boy!" He raised his arm, and turned to Link. Link could tell something was up, and reached for his shield. He was too late.

"Aha! At last!" was the last thing Link's conscious mind could recollect, and his world imploded onto itself, leaving only a searing flash of pain, and darkness afterwards.

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Link regained consciousness slowly.

"Hello my brothers. I have brought you what the force has asked for."

He could hear a series of chittering noises, they seemed to be random, but Link's Hylian ears could hear the patterns inside.

"Yes, it is like what I have become, in a way. Do not forget I am still your brother. The force that has changed me has not changed me as fully as the other. It sees a threat in this one here. I do not know why. If it threatens this force, then it surely is a threat to me, and us. I shall see what happens with it. Quickly my brothers, leave! It awakens."

Link regained full consciousness. He looked up to see Taft staring at him.

"Why hello. I see that you have awakened. Welcome to our home." Taft gestured around him with his hand.

Link looked up. He was in an earthen room, it appeared to be crudely

dug out. He was in a cell barred by pillars of rock. _How'd I get in here then?_ The air was stale, and the light came from a single red candle on a rock smoothed over by either water, or something else. Any other light came from phosphorescent mushrooms hanging from the ceilings. Link noticed that the cell had a slight dent in one corner, and Taft abruptly interrupted Link's appraisal of the room.

"You like our home? Countless generations of us have worked on it. The tunnels and rooms are your size, for no reason other than vanity, and more room. It is your home now too. We won't let you leave, not until I've determined why I was to bring you here. I was against it, and yet I did it anyway, and almost of my own volition, but not. That is of no matter. What does matter is that you, my brothers and I are here now. " Taft appeared slightly less rude and uncivil here. The darkest side of his odd nature seemed to be lessened.

"Why have you brought me?" _Ok, let's have him restate what he's said before, great diplomatic move._

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"Hmm, I really do wonder why you were brought. You seem quite muddled in thinking." _Great, now he thinks I'm dumb._ "No matter. In this cell you will stay until I have figured out what to do with you. My brothers will feed you, and bring you water. I must return to my studies." Taft got up, and seemed to skitter across the room. He seemed much more ratlike then before. Much.

And Link was left alone with his thoughts.

Link had been in the cell for an undeterminable amount of time. Without the sun to go by, or at least a regular schedule of meals, he was unable to figure it out. Taft visited frequently, to study him, and occasionally ask him questions. One day, as he was leaving, he bumped into a little mound of dirt on the wall- it moved a little, and Link could see a glint of metal showing through. _Yes! This has to be mine, these creatures couldn't have a smithy!_

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He also noticed that Taft always left the room through the same door, and entered from the same door. This didn't seem too important, but every little bit counted.

When Link's meals came, he was usually asleep, and failed to catch a glimpse of his hosts. He was curious, and one day/night (he couldn't tell) he feigned sleep. He kept one eye cracked open, and partially covered with his hand. When his host came to bring his food, he finally confirmed his suspicions. Taft's so-called "brothers" were Raves. _If they're his brothers, then that means---!_

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The Rave carrying his food and water was about the size of a ten-year-old, he walked upright, (barely) had a rat's nose and tail, and a tough furry body. It's claws were sharp, made more for digging than for rending meat, but seemed sufficient for carving wood. The Rave, upon noticing it had been seen by Link, hissed, and emit a loud

chattering of sound. It left in a flash of fur, leaving Link's food just within reach. The creature, in its surprise, left behind its carved stick of wood. Link took it, and hid it behind him. _I may need it later. Who knows?_

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Link took his food, had a drink of water, and lay down to get some rest. _I will have to act soon, _he mused. _Whenever that is! Why couldn't Navi have given me a little clock! _The thoughts of Navi reminded him of Hyrule, and hoped it was faring well in The Hero of Time's absence. _Gah! I left Epona tied up! There'd better not be any horse thieves! Oh well. Malon will take care of her! _ Link faded off into a peaceful sleep.

He awakened to find Taft watching him. "So, you have seen one of my kind. My brother was rather shaken, he was one of my more timid relatives. What's past is past." Taft was unreadable. He was not as mean as he had been on the road, but he seemed a bit taller and his face was more angled.

"What do you mean "your kind?" You are not one of the Raves." Link was unsettled by Taft's constant references to the Raves. _His brothers? They're as much his brothers as King Zora is my father._

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"Ahh, you wish to know what has driven me to my elevated position. I suppose I shall tell you. There is no harm in discovering what has created one such as me." Taft grinned. _Another long tale. Should I have wished a tale, I would have brought a storybook._

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"I was a Rave, and a clever one too. I ventured farther into the town than any other, and I even managed to steal from the Mayor. I took his most prized possession, a rare book, made of some sort of leather. I even took his chest of trinkets. The Mayor wouldn't have known what had happened had there not been a vase on the bookcase. I tipped it over. Apparently he was a light sleeper." Taft stopped to think a second, almost as if he was struggling not to shift his mindset. His voice changed. "The foolish man had fallen into my trap. I almost had him! Curse these stupid creatures!"

Taft's voice changed back, and he relaxed. "Ah, well, as I was saying, I stole his book and trinkets. I met up with my brethren and we came back here. I was not too interested in the trinkets, they were simply a red candle, a blue one, a pair of odd boots, a feather and mirror. But the book; Yes, the book. The book was what called me. Ah, it called to me, and I opened it. At first there were simply pictures- my brothers couldn't read. The pictures became more complicated on each page, and eventually faded into letters. By the time that happened, I had learned how to read, and I had grown to my current size." He began to concentrate again. His eyes became faintly glassy. "The foolish creature had no idea about what was happening to him. He believed it to be a gift, he was growing. He could live among the people in the village!"

Once again, his voice changed back, and his eyes refocused. "I went back to the town in my new form. I sought out the mayor; the force that changed me was hard to resist. He and I were alike, but he was far more gone than I was. The force had changed him too, but as it changed me, it stopped changing him. Since we both were changed by the force, he felt a kinship towards me, and had me become his woodsman. It had only been a few weeks ago at most. When you arrived, the force was frantic, pushing me to study the book, to finish before you made it here. I fought the force, something didn't seem right. It had a greater effect on me outside my home than inside. Here I could withstand it more, unless it called. Outside I hated my brothers, wished to destroy them. No, it was not me, it was the consciousness of this force, reaching out, changing me once more. I couldn't stand it." His voice became pained. He tensed up. "Ah, it is calling me again. There is not much left unread in the book. I must and yet must not answer it." And with that, the Rafe that is/was Taft, got up and went to his studies.

Link watched Taft exit the chamber, and realized that he would not come again for a while, and that Link must hurry. _If that book is what I think it is, then I must hurry. Please let him be a slow reader!_

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Link took his concealed spear, and began poking the lump in the wall. Sure enough, that was how he had been brought in here. The Rafe tunneled him in, and then sealed the entrance. Link poked at the wall, it could be dug through.

Link dug for a few minutes, and broke through into the tunnel. _Good thing they didn't fill the whole thing!_ The tunnel was fairly small, but Link could fit without too much trouble. The tunnel curved around, right to the mound on the other side of his chamber. The mound with what appeared to be something metal. Link reached it, and broke through.

The metal glint he had seen was an arrowhead of his. This mound was where they had stored his equipment. _Smart people. Hide the captive's weapons in front of the captive. When will they learn?_ He took up his equipment, and appraised the candle that lit the room. It was red, but something didn't seem right about it. It seemed to have some sort of power all it's own. _This must have been what they used to set fire to the buildings! And this so called "force" has been what was getting them angry and more violent!_

He took the candle, and retrieved his compass. The needle pointed straight out the door. Link followed it.

There were a few twists and turns along the passage, but Link's compass had him going in the right direction. He walked for a few minutes, sword at the ready, shield up front, until he came upon Taft in the spot Taft came upon the Mayor: right at the end of the book.

While Taft's eyes were glued to the page, Link carefully walked over. "Hold!" shouted Taft without looking up. "I have almost returned. One final page!"

Link mind raced. He took the candle from his pack and hurled it at the cursed book. The candle's flames arched around the book, but without touching it: The book remained unscathed. Taft, on the other hand, was not so lucky. The candle's flame had scorched his hand as he was moving to turn the page. He jumped up, and put the flame out.

"No! It is too soon! My full power has not yet returned! Ah, but you are alone, and I am not. Come my brothers! Come! The force and I are almost joined! Destroy the foul one!" Taft went back to the book. The tabletop it had been on was burned all over, except for one rectangular area where the book had been. Taft reopened the book, just as the Raves swarmed in from all sides. But they were not as they should have been.

"I may not have all of my power, but I have enough! My hand shall be the once that forever chokes the life from you!" Taft began an incantation. The Raves began to shimmer. Their images coalesced and they began to darken and shift towards a central point. "Yes my brothers! Come together!"

The former Raves were forming a blackening tower, which branched off into five parts. The parts solidified into fingers, as the central part formed a palm.

Link lunged towards Taft, hoping to stop him before he was finished. The Master Sword struck Taft in the chest, and Link ran him through.

"Ah, you may have gotten this body, but almost all of my essence has entered this land. I shall simply go to my other link here. Farewell boy!" What had been Taft fell to the ground, and Ganon's evil presence turned into a dark cloud and fled. Link took the Muerante from the table and went flying across the room. Taft's spell had been completed.

The giant hand groped for Link. He pushed himself away from the floor, and dove to the side. The hand's gigantic palm only inches from his face. Link raised his sword, and brought it down, slicing through the dark thing.

The hand almost cooperated with Link, and split easily across the middle. The two halves of it landed on the floor, twitching. That was too easy. What's wrong with this picture?

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The two halves' twitching became more violent, they stood up on end, and each reformed into a new hand. That's what it was! A giant Floormaster! The two parts advanced on Link, and each took an easy to dodge swipe at him. Sure enough, Link dodged to the side, and when he did the two hands took the time he'd given them and reformed. Oh great.

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The Floormaster resumed its attack on Link, skittering across the floor and punching him when it got the chance. It had the endurance of hundreds of Raves, and Link the endurance of one unlucky Hylian.

He knew he'd have to strike it down quickly. _I don't have all day, hopefully it only divides down one level, like the other ones, and extinguishes its magic._

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Link went once again for the hand, and struck it dead center. The Floormaster, as expected split. Before the two pieces could reform, Link sheathed his sword, and strapped on his shield, and took out the mighty two-handed Biggoron's Sword. This sword had become Link's after a complicated quest resulting in some eye-drops for a giant rock-eating blacksmith. It could not break, and could have twice the striking power of the Master Sword. _If this won't stop them, well, umm, let's not think about that!_

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The two pieces reformed, and Link was ready.

The first hand dove straight for him, and the second went behind him. Link did a backflip away from the first evil appendage, only to land right inside the second. It grabbed him, and began to drain his strength. _Ok, panic situation!_ Link struggled to think of a way to escape, his time was running short, he would be knocked unconscious soon. He realized what he could do, and he knew the hand's fatal mistake- they didn't cover his mouth.

Link began the incantation quietly, and quickly. The hand tightened its grip. Link reached the end gasping for breath. "Din! Give me strength!"

Divine fire emanated from Link, scorching the split Floormaster. It let go from its suddenly searing captive. Link stopped, and caught his breath, each inhalation returning his lost strength. _You, my antagonizing appendage, are going to pay for that!_

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Link raised his mighty sword, and with quick swipes left and right slashed the two hands into pieces. _I guess that takes care of that!_ thought Link. He was dreadfully wrong. The pieces turned into even smaller copies of their former state. _Ok, this is not good._

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The miniature hands advanced upon Link. One grabbed him by the leg, and began to once again drain the life force from him. As it did, the others paired up and reformed, and then those pairs began to reform, until Link freed his leg from that first one and it joined its fellows in their original giant shape.

What can I do? Thought Link. _There's no stopping this thing!_ Suddenly, an idea sprang up into his mind. _Aha!_ He reached into his new bomb-bag. He took out the odd-shaped bomb within a bomb, within a bomb, within a bombâ€¦ He lit it and threw it. "Catch!"

Link began to run down the corridor, he turned to see the bomb land right inside the gaping fist of the Floormaster.

Boom! The first explosion rang out inside the cavern. _Boom! Boom!

_The next set exploding. _Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! _The third set, decimating the hands. The explosions continued, more of them for each set, but quieter. Just to be sure, Link threw another one in there before leaving, and picked up the Mayor's chest he found in the corner of the next opening. Even as he left the underground tunnels, the explosions could still be heard, getting fainter, faster, even quieter as he went on.

Link stopped when he entered the forest. He took out the contents of the chest. _It was just as Taft had said- a blue candle to match the red one, a pair of boots, a feather and mirror._ He put the items in his pack, the feather last. As he placed it inside it almost seemed lighter. He then cleaned off both of his blades._ Why can't I ever fight with _one_ sword?_ The Floormaster's remains could tarnish metal. He checked himself over, and found no serious wounds: a few bumps and bruises, but nothing too bad.

He took out the _Muerante_ and the Master Sword. The placed the book on a flat rock and raised his sword. He brought it down upon the book with all the speed he could muster. The rock sparked, and cracked. The book, however, remained in perfect condition. _I cannot destroy it! Now that Ganon is here, it must be his magic that does the deed!_

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Link checked his compass. It was spinning around. _Of course, the book was still my objective! I must concentrate now on finding the poor mayor._ The compass stopped spinning, and gave one final rotation before pointing further into the woods.

As Link traveled on, he could see the shapes of the trees changing. _Ganon's spirit has been here for a few hours, and already it is warping the land! _Link strengthened his resolve. _Ganon must not return now, fully. I am not in Hyrule, and Hyrule is not ready to face him alone._

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The trees were again as of Link's dream. When he entered the clearing, as he knew he would, he did not need the weather to convince him to enter the tower.

The tower's door looked as it did before, and was again unlocked. Link entered. He was greeted by the same marble staircase, and duplicate landings. Remembering his dream, and how long it took to climb, he started.

Link felt uneasy at every step, but nowhere near as uneasy as in his dream. He knew what he faced here, and had no doubts. The steps came on and on, the air became stale once more, until he reached the door, just as he had before. This time he knew what was inside.

Link knew that fighting Ganon, no matter what form he was in or how much of him was there, was dangerous. _I have to do this, and I'll have one chance. I cannot afford any mistakes._ He readied his Mirror Shield this time, from the Desert Colossus of the Gerudos. He then unsheathed his Master Sword, for what he hoped to be his final

confrontation with Ganon.

He opened the door, and jumped to the side as a head-sized fireball flew past him to melt into the wall.

"You were wise to evade my fireball, or were you? It seems I shall have to dream up a more painful death now." The voice was the Mayor's, but the words, and undertones were clearly Ganon's.

"Too scared to face me again?" The Mayor's voice took a much more evil tone. "You should be."

Sharp crystals of ice shot from the doorway. _All this and I haven't even seen him yet!_ The crystals bounced off the wall at just the right angle to come at Link. He raised his shield against the onslaught of needles.

He concentrated on his shield for a moment, and some of the crystals were absorbed into it, instead of shattering or bouncing away. Suddenly, pain shot out from Link's legs, and he almost fell down the stairs. He cried out.

"Oh, I've gotten you then, haven't I? That's just the beginning."

Link quickly took out his prized vial from the Alchemist in Kakariko village, and splashed it all over his wounds. They began to heal immediately.

Link did not want to have Ganon attack him without being able to counterattack, and went through the door to face his foe. Ganon was ready, and a spray of lava shot out towards him. Link put his Mirror Shield in front of it. The lava sprayed back at Ganon, only to be absorbed by a barrier, mere inches from his face.

"I will not be fooled by such trickery. It is my magic, and I can control it how I wish. Now prepare to die!" Ganon was in the Mayor's body, but it had been changed. His face was dark, he was taller, and his eyes were a glimmering red.

He sent a wave of pure force this time, and it hit Link against the wall. His shield couldn't protect him from that. His back ached. _Gotta watch out for that._

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While Link struggled to stand up, Ganon began to incant a spell: a very large spell. Link finally stood up and noticed what Ganon was doing. His brow was furrowed with concentration, his hands moving in intricate patterns, his mouth spouting words of dark power. _This is the Big One!_ Link thought. _If he misses me, he'll be out of magic! But if he succeedsâ€¦!_

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Link too began to cast his own spell, a spell taught to him by a different Great Faerie. It was called Nayru's Love. _I hope I can finish before he does!_ He didn't.

Ganon's mouth drew into a smirk. His eyes narrowed, and he said the

last word in his dark spell.

"I've finally got you boy. This ends, NOW!" and with that, the dark words of power formed into a visible envelope of hatred, fear and mad, burning, rage.

It spewed forth and surrounded Link, hitting him harder than he thought possible. The blackness was overwhelming. His conscious mind fought to mouth the last words of the incantation. His subconscious reeled. _I've failed. Hyrule is doomed. I have destroyed all that I care about. I can feel their despair, their burning hate for me._ Link's conscious won, and his spell came to life.

A golden nimbus sprouted forth from Link, shattering the bonds of darkness surrounding him. The effects were gone, and for that fleeting instant of time, Link was invincible. It wore off, and brought Link back to reality.

"I can see you've survived that one, boy. Not many could." Ganon was not happy, not happy at all. The Mayor's face was twisted into a scowl. "Had all my power been here, you would never have withstood that. Looks like I'll have to kill you in conventional combat. You ready boy? I hope so, 'cause it's time to meet your maker."

Ganon lunged at Link. Link was surprised; Ganon had no weapon he could see. Ganon's arm drew back, as to swipe at Link, and when he did, a beam of sickly tainted orange light coalesced into a blade. _I'd hardly call this conventional!_ He struck, and Link blocked it with his shield, the blade crackled with energy as it met with the energy of the Mirror Shield. _Had this been my Hylian shield, it would have cracked._ Link drew back with a blow of his own, to strike against a similar force that solidified into a shield in Ganon's other hand. After Ganon's swipe, the sword disappeared, and after his block, the shield did as well. _Ha, he ran out of magic for this too._ Link was wrong. As Ganon attacked again, the blade reappeared. Link blocked once again with his shield, feinted with his sword, and went to bash Ganon with his shield. He struck Ganon in the arm, causing him to open his hand. The blade remained.

The duel went on, and on. Ganon and Link exchanged blows, mystical energies crackled and hissed whenever their weapons met. Link decided to risk it, and did a jump attack. He caught Ganon in his sword-arm's shoulder. While Link was vulnerable, Ganon reached out with his shield, and bashed Link's shoulder. Link gasped. The wound in Ganon's shoulder seemed to hiss, dark smoke began to come out, and drifted halfway to Link's pack where the _Muerante_ was before going back into Ganon and healing the wound. _I can't get him, but wait! The book! I forgot!_ Ganon did not give Link any more time to think, and rushed him. The battle joined anew.

They continued fighting, Ganon seeking to tire his opponent, and Link trying to give himself time to get the book out. Link decided to take another gamble. He feinted, and drew away Ganon's guard. He pulled back and threw the Master Sword at Ganon's vulnerable chest. Ganon moved his hissing shield over just in time to block. While Ganon was distracted, Link reached into his pack and hid the book in his hand behind his shield. Ganon, thinking himself the victor, became smug.

"I have beaten you at last boy, the dark prophecy did come true. It

simply happened in a different tower, mine nonetheless. And now, boy, I have you. Welcome to my world." Ganon drew back for a killing blow.

As Ganon's sorcerous sword came down to smite Link, he reversed his shield, and the blow landed in the middle of his book. A primal scream was emitted by the Mayor/Ganon. The book began to glow, the rent down the middle of it sparkling with light. The book's light grew, and grew until Link couldn't bear the sight of it, and the darkness controlling the Mayor was swept out of him, into the book, and the book itself began to implode, into a tiny pinprick of darkness, and it headed off, away, and it was gone.

The Mayor looked startled. "What happened? Where am I?" _How come they always ask the same questions? It's getting on my nerves!_ The Mayor then noticed Link. "Was it you who brought me back?"

Link sighed, and told the Mayor about Ganon, the Rases, and what his "History of the Twin Islands, Kolihint and Twin's Island" really was. _Whoever wrote this and named the islands was wordy, I'll give him that much._

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The mayor shuddered, but brightened when Link told him that his chest had been recovered, and that the Rases were gone. "You can keep the items in the chest. The two candles and the mirror were supposed to stay in Hyrule anyway, someone stole them when we left. The boots and the feather were supposed to be the copies of mystical items on Kolihint. That book really did exist though, it was lost." The Mayor sighed. "If only I had truly found it."

Link and the Mayor took a direct path to his home, courtesy of Navi's compass. _I really have to thank her for that._ They arrived to be greeted by the villagers. Shouts of "You're back!" and "The Rases are gone!" came up in their wake. They reached the Mayor's house about an hour after sundown and were greeted by his wife.

"What took you so long? Just come upstairs and let me rest! And quiet down those people!"

After she left, Link asked the Mayor, "You live with this everyday?"

"Only when I've been gone awhile. Being married has its privileges."

"Right!" replied Link, in an unreadable tone.

"Well, you can stay in the Inn again, and come back in the morning before you leave, I'd like to talk to you."

"Yes, of course."

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight." And with that, the Mayor closed the door and left Link with his thoughts.

Link woke up, and broke his fast. He meandered along his way through the town, and many people "oooed" and "aaahd" when they realized that he had destroyed the Raffles. He eventually reached the Mayor's house, and the door was opened before he could knock. It was the Mayor.

"Ah, right on time." Greeted the Mayor. "I wish to show you something." He gestured for Link to enter.

"Here we are!" exclaimed the Mayor, as they reentered his study. He walked over to the intricate wooden table and said, "This shall be a portion of your reward, considering you did much more work than I had previously thought, and of course, compensation for having to fight me in battle!" _Oh boy,_ thought Link. _I fight someone else in his body and he considers himself a master of arms._ "I'm amazed you survived!"

The Mayor pointed to a book. "Well, now, this is a book here that we have no use for." _No wonder he's giving it to me._ "It works in conjunction with a wand that we don't have on the island, this, like the candles, was stolen- er.. taken by mistake." _Trying to make it seem like he's being nice. No wonder I never heard of these people who left Hyrule- They stole things from the Royal Family! This would not be good for the Guard's reputation!_ "I would also like to give you a little extra money, and this magical seashell I found. If you collect enough of these, something good is bound to happen!" Link was skeptical. _Right?_ He thought. _But then again, what if he's right? There's a ring of truth to his words?_ For once. "Oh yes, and you may keep the items from the chest as well. Consider that a gift from me."

"Thank you sir." Link tried to sound sincere. "I am simply glad to have been able to serve your town and your people." Then he realized he didn't have to try, he was.

"Well, I guess I shouldn't keep you, you've probably got plenty of things to do. Monsters to slay, people to see. The usual." _Kicking me out already? I guess I've become more popular than him and he's threatened. Then again, I really should get back._

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"Well, goodbye Mayor. May your people keep you in office and your dreams be sweet."

"Farewell." _Sweet dreams at last!_ Thought the Mayor finally. _Sweet dreams at last._

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As the Mayor went to sleep that night, a tiny pinprick of darkness escaped from him and headed out to sea. There was a creature there these nightmares sought.

Link went back to where the cave where he had hidden his things. He

got his water and supplies, and headed back to the longboat. _I don't want the Great Faerie on my case because I left something behind. Otherwise I'd simply leave the ship and use the Ocarina to get home. But one doesn't just leave a ship._

--

Link got into the longboat, and rowed to the ship. The ship, reacting to his presence and mental commands, lowered the ropes, tied them to the boat, and raised it back up. _Ah, another time sailing, just me, the ship, and the waves. If only everyone could see this._ Link readied the ship, and he was on his way home.

Epilogue

Sleet pelted Link as he climbed up into the Crow's nest. A storm had struck during the night, and what a storm it was. The winds threatened to rip the mast from the ship, and Link's thoughts alone were not sufficient to raise the sails. He had to do it himself. Ropes coiled in one hand, the other wrapped around the mast, he inched his way to where the sails where stuck. As he reached his goal, lightning struck the mast, catapulting Link into darkness.

Link awoke on a piece of driftwood, from his ship. _What happened? Who were all those people, the animals theâ€|_ Link's thoughts were muddled, and a name came unbidden to his lips: Marin. _Marin? Tari- I remember! Animal village, the frogs, the raft, the rooster, an ocarina- like mine. What about the shy old man? The phone? Phone?_ _What's _that?_ The seashells? By Din! The Mayor was right! The _Nightmares. _Where they real? Where they just a dream?_

--

A voice came from above him. **_All of life itself is a dream- until you wake up to another reality. _**_What the?_ **_Both of us have been awakened. You have banished the Nightmares. _**_What of Kolihint? Is it gone? **_We each create worlds in our own dreams. They are simply dreams unless we accept them into reality. Time itself is a dream, your Ocarina simply wakes you up and puts you back to sleep again, or does it? No matter. Worry not of your friends on Kolihint. They are alright. But you must return. **_Link looked above him, and he saw what his quest to gain the instruments had accomplished. He had woken up the Wind Fish, and watched as the Isle of Kolihint faded away. Now the Wind Fish was above him flying through the sky as other fish do through water. _This was what I saw jump from the water on my way to Twin's Island! _Link marveled at the sight of it. Then the Wind Fish was gone. Its words came back into Link's mind, " **_You must return._**" Seeing that there was no ship left, Link went through his pack, thankful it had stayed on him, and that it had stayed dry inside. He found his Ocarina, but then realized something- _I lost Navi's compass! She's going to kill me! Hmmmâ€| Maybe I should just stay here for a while._

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This Concludes Revelations.

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Well. I've done it. I finally finished my first full fanfic story. I'd love to hear some feedback, What did I do wrong, what did you like, what didn't you like, anything. I'd just really appreciate some responses. I didn't write this for myself, you know! It's for you! A writer (well, I'm working on it!) doesn't write just for the sake of writing! A writer writes so people can read! (Try saying that five times fast!) Oh well, I ramble on and on. I really hope you enjoyed this. Oh yeah, you do realize how this ties into the Game-Boy game, right? I wasn't exactly sure if it was a good idea to do that, mainly because no one out there wants to read something they've already done in a game. I ramble again. I hope you enjoyed this, and I hope that whatever else you read (from me, or otherwise) is enjoyable too. (Man this author's note is annoying, isn't it?)

Apollo

apollo8j@aol.com

End
file.